A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, March 20. 1707.

I Promis'd you in the laſt to go on a little farther with this unhappy Subject, the Treatment of his late Majeſty, *The Great* King *William*; to come more nearly to the Enquiry, let's hear what the Clamours of the Town were at that Time—— "Why did he employ King *James*'s "Friends! Why did he not hang all thoſe "Betrayers of their Country, that in his "Declaration he had almoſt declar'd incapable of Mercy; and yet when they came "to his Hand, were carreſs'd and employ'd, "truſted and approv'd, and had the Reins "of that Nation put into their Hand, which "they had attempted to ruin and deliver "up, &c.

Now, if I were to put this into more proper and genuine *Engliſh*, it would ſound rather thus—— "We appear'd for him, "in hopes to have been all made great Men, "Lords and Lords-Maſters; like *Zebedees* "Children, nothing would ſerve us but his "Right Hand and his Left—We were for "hanging and drawing all that had any "Places before, that we might get into "them, and we find, he has not anſwer'd "our Expectation—Inſtead of hanging and "drawing, we are diſappointed both Ways, "neither our Avarice or our Revenge "are in the leaſt gratify'd; but we find, "the Men were brought into their Employments again, and we are left to ſtarve; "and therefore we rail at him, for we "rais'd him.

Well, Gentlemen, have I not given the Murmurs a true Turn now? Is it not true?

That all the Striſe was plainly to be ſeen,
To get ſome Men put out, and ſome put in.
True-Born-Engliſhm. *P.* 2.

Now

Now let's go on with the Caſe, and what if I ſhould tell you, Gentlemen, that *even this is a falſe Charge too*; For that King *William*, at his firſt Coming to the Crown, *did* put the whole Management of Affairs into the Hands of the *Whigs*, he *did* truſt thoſe that aſſiſted in the Revolution, *and only them*, and all them that Places could be found for.

And what was the Conſequence? I beſeech you, Gentlemen, do not force me to give the Reaſon, why His Majeſty was oblig'd to diſmiſs them again; why he was forc'd to throw himſelf into the Hands of his Enemies, and fly from thoſe that had brought him in, to thoſe that endeavour'd to keep him out!

What ſhall we ſay, or rather how ſhall I avoid ſaying, that his Majeſty truſted them, till the great Cauſe, that obliges all wiſe Princes to ſhift Hands, came upon the Stage, I mean, *Knavery*. In ſhort, Gentlemen, for 'tis in vain to mince the Matter, they prov'd the very ſame or worſe Knaves, as thoſe they had turn'd out; the King was bought, ſold, betray'd and abus'd by intollerable Briberies, Treacheries and Villanies, by unſufferable Avarice, Party-makings, Oppreſſings and injurious Treatment of all Sorts of his Subjects, till at laſt they grew haughty and inſolent, as they were falſe and mercenary, and His Majeſty was forc'd to put himſelf into the Hands of his Enemies, to ſave himſelf from the Hands of his Friends.

If any Man ask me, *when* this was, and *by who*, let him ſpare me the Trouble of anſwering that needleſs Queſtion, by looking back to the horrid Doings in the three firſt Years of his Majeſty: I ſay, to the horrid Doings in the Houſhold in the Band of Penſioners, *&c.* beſides what was in the Treaſury, Admiralty, *&c.* How ſcandalouſly the King was abus'd in his own Family, how Places were bought and ſold perpetually, and ſome ſold to two or three People at a Time; how friyolous Quarrels were rais'd to put Men out of their Livelyhoods, who perhaps had lately bought theſe Places at exorbitant Rates, and the moſt ſcandalous Abuſes, that could poſſibly be imagin'd, offer'd——

Let them look into the Treaſury, Cuſtoms and Exciſe! What Party-making! What Buying and Selling! What Miſapplying! What Juggling! What Accounting! And all this, Gentlemen, under the firſt *Whig* Adminiſtration! And tho' I muſt own, Gentlemen, the *Whigs* being in the firſt Adminiſtration, is what I always wiſh'd; yet I cannot blame the King, turning out with Abhorrence a Sort of Men that abandon'd their Country, their Maſter, their Juſtice, Honour and Truth, to gratifie *the Root of all Evil*; that made themſelves unfit and uncapable to ſerve any Maſter, and who, if he had not turn'd them out, they would ſoon have turn'd him out, and have ruin'd us all.

I do not ſay, *for I would not be miſtaken*, that when his Majeſty ſhifted Hands, he found the other Party honeſter, for they cheated him their Share too; and thus the unhappy Monarch was driven into conſtant Extremes; was ever ſhifting ſides, and knew not who to truſt.

When growing a little acquainted with Things and Men, he begun to be more Maſter of Men's Character, and able to chooſe for himſelf, then the reſtleſs Power of the Faction, never gave him Quiet, till they forc'd him to drive away his Friends, to put from him his faithful Servants, that had run thro' all the Parts of the publick Management, that had ſtruggled with him thro' infinite Deficiencies and inſuperable Difficulties, that had gain'd a conſummate Experience, and began to be Maſter of the juſteſt Meaſures. Theſe they clamour'd him out of, and got the Seals and the Flags into ſuch Hands as they pleas'd, where they knew, he ſhould be ſure to be neglected, impoveriſh'd or betray'd.

'Tis too far back, and ſo ſadning a Subject to enquire into *Turkey* Fleets, *Camarett* Expeditions, and Partition Treaty-Quarrels, Things the Honour of *England* went too much to wreack in: I am not ripping up our Miſcarriages, I bury them with Joy, under the happy Monuments of Victory, this Reign has bleſs'd the Nation with; but where the injur'd Memory of his Majeſty ſuffers under theſe ſtrange things, it forces me to bring them up again.

Who can, without Indignation, read the Reproaches caſt upon his Perſon, his Honour, his Morals and his Management? In that Reign,

Reign, even by those who call themselves *Whigs* in this, while his Bounty was not always supplying them; even those, that at first congratulated and panegyrick't him, that lifted him up to the Clouds in both Verse and Prose, at last how did they load him with the blackest Crimes, affront him in insolent ungentlemanly Language, base and villainous Suggestions of Crimes, below a modest Pen to repeat——————And now these same Men in their Writings pretend to cry him up again, yet as their Turn serves, can caress the wayward, decrepid Understandings of those, that renew their Assaults upon his Memory.

I am not at all vain in saying, I had the Honour to know more of His Majesty, than some of these that have thus insulted His Character, knew of *His Horse*; and I think, if my Testimony was able to add to his bright Reputation, I could give such Particulars of his being not a Man of Morals only, but of serious Piety and Religion, as few Kings in the World in these latter Ages of Time can come up to.

And where are the Morals of these Men that reproach the best King that ever GOD gave these Kingdoms; Should I stoop so low as to foul this Paper with their Characters, it would raise the Passion of Mankind against the Baseness of their Treatment, 'twould enrage the World to think, by what contemptible Wretches this glorious Soul is traduc'd, and how vilely their Methods are intermix'd with Ingratitude, Passion and scandalous Tempers, or blacken'd with Envy and the meanest of Crimes.

These are the Men that help'd to murther His Majesty, that made his Life uneasie, hasten'd his Death, and help'd to rob the Nation of one of the best Blessings, ever GOD Almighty bestow'd on it——That these Men can look on the Favours he bestow'd, the Honours he gave them, the great things he did for them, and not blush, is owing to a Strength of Face, obtain'd from making the Crime familiar to them, both in Practice and in Time

Let but any Man, that thinks of this sedately, tell me, how hard should it be to restrain one's Temper at those things from Indecencies; and if any body will but consider, that it happens to be just the Day of that great Prince's Death, that I am writing this Paper, *viz.* the *8th of March*, which as it did not occur to me, till I was writing this very Paragraph, perhaps would have forc'd me to farther Excursions, had I known it sooner; when they consider this, I say, they cannot but justifie my Complaint on this Head, and rather wonder, I break off so soon.

I shall conclude this, with repeating some more of my former Lines on this melancholy Subject.

When Party-Fury shook his Throne,
And made their mighty Malice known;
I've heard the sighing Monarch say,
The Publick Peace so near him lay,
It took the Pleasure of his Crown away.

Essay on the Storm, P. 3

Thus William *went, I saw the Saint ascend,*
And Sympathetick Joy did Optick Powers extend;
I saw th' exalted Hero at the Gate,
My Soul *went up with him, 'tis hardly* come back &c.

Wonder

Wonder no more, new Raptures fire my Pen,
When William's *Name I chance to read, and when*
I search the Luſtre of his Memory,
The beſt of Monarchs, and of Men to me.

Jure Divino, Lib. 1. Fol. 26.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Juſt Publiſh'd,

CALEDONIA, a Poem, in Honour of *Scotland*, and the *Scots* Nation. Dedicated to the Duke of *Queensberry*, Her Majeſty's High-Commiſſioner; and wrote as well to do Juſtice to that abus'd Country, as to let ſome Gentlemen in *England* know, the *Scots* are a Nation worth Uniting with. By the Author of the *True-Born-Engliſhman*. Printed for *J. Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall*.

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